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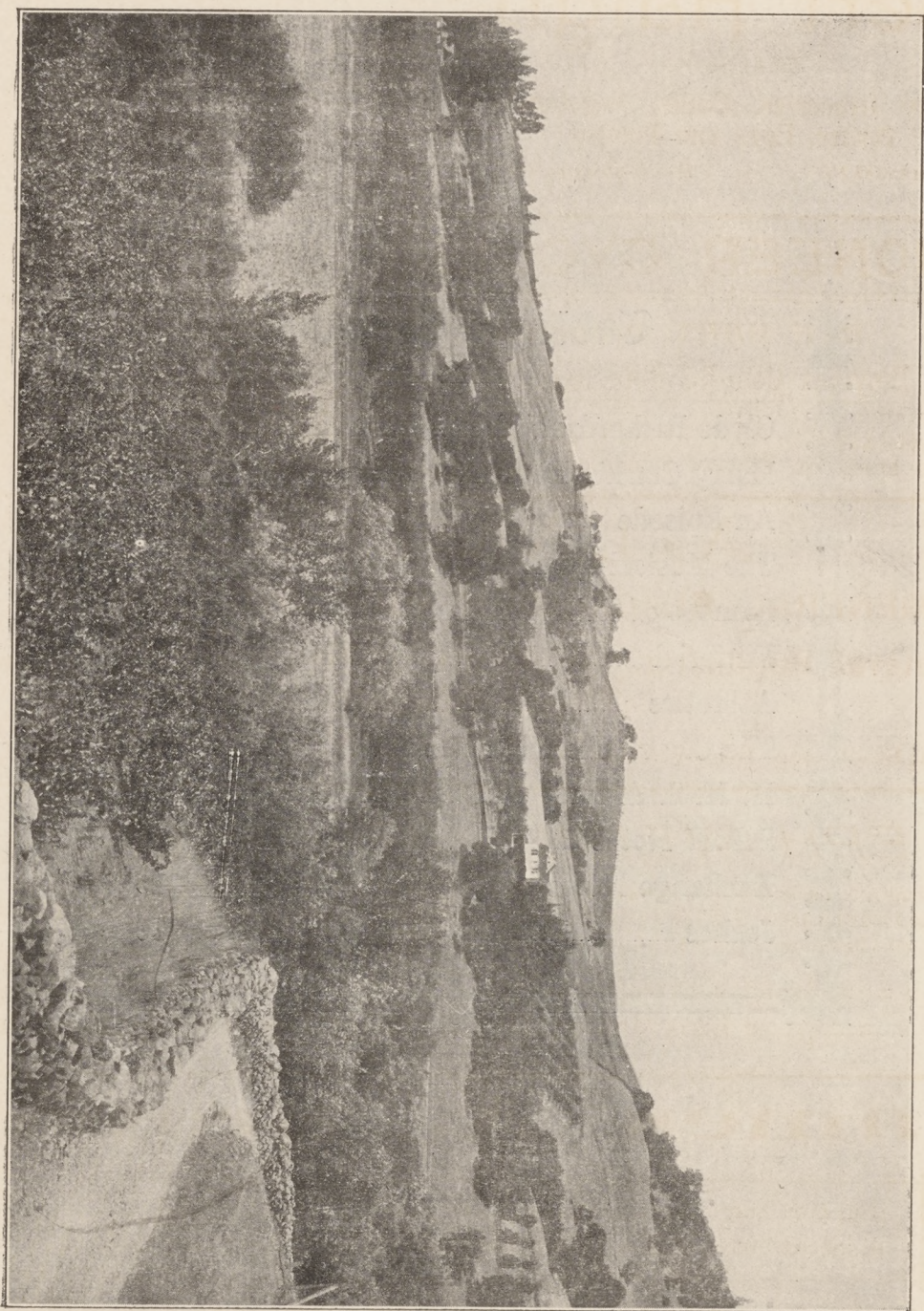
James A. Brown

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Support home stores, owned and run by a home man, such as mine.

Healdsburg

THE BUGGY MAN

Santa Rosa



Scene on Russian River at base of Fitch Mountain

Table of Contents

Clyde Richardson's Restitution.....	5
Harry Clark's Return.....	6
An Episode	7
The Musical Qualities of Gray's Elegy.....	8
Lament of Robert Bruce, a poem,.....	9
Editorial.....	10
Athletics	11
The Cry of the High	13
H. H. S. Alumni	14
School Notes	14
Exchange Notes	15
Joshes.....	16

The Sotoyoman



VOL. IV

HEALDSBURG, CAL., JANUARY, 1909

NO 3

Clyde Richardson's Restitution

Clyde Richardson sat moodily in the comfortable study, his sober face plainly showing the struggle that was going on in his mind. He rubbed his hair the wrong way till it resembled a mop cloth, he poked the fire till even the cat was forced to retreat from the heat, but with all these vigorous measures the lines in his forehead did not smooth themselves out nor did his mind become any easier. Finally seizing his cap, Clyde strode desperately out into the afternoon gloom of a December day. The snow lay deep, but through it Clyde plodded, kicking it right and left with seeming satisfaction.

"I must do it—of that I am determined," he muttered almost fiercely, "but how to go about it is what I can't see. I'll have to quit college, for the boys won't have anything to do with me after I tell them. Oh, I wish I hadn't done it!" he added with a low groan.

For several hours Clyde wandered aimlessly up and down the streets of the little college town. There were few people abroad now, but lights shone cheerfully through the windows. Still Clyde's mind was filled with doubt and mortification. He heard the bells ringing in a nearby church and remembered that this was the last day of the year. With this remembrance there came other and more serious thoughts. He must not let the new year begin with this thing on his mind; he must make a clean breast of it!

Walking swiftly, in fact running, back to the college grounds, he went at once to the club-room

in the library building. Here, as he had expected, were gathered most of the boys of the college, all eagerly discussing the coming Field Day to be held at Bresslau in February. Clyde's entrance was greeted with a shout of pleasure, for he was a favorite in college circles.

A look of intense pain passed over Clyde's face as the boys' cheers greeted him. "Don't boys," he said huskily, "I don't deserve your cheers—I don't even deserve your trust now. I have done an awful thing, boys, and I've come here to tell you. I have robbed the team's treasury."

An awed silence fell over all Seniors and Freshmen alike. They did not seem able to take in the meaning of Clyde's words. At last one impulsive undergraduate burst out with, "I don't believe it," which, though not clearly expressed, was a conviction of Clyde's honesty, and not, as would seem, his usual way of receiving Clyde's word.

"But it's true," Clyde bitterly replied, "little by little I have taken money, intending always to return it, until now I am several dollars deficient, and with no money to make it up. I intend to make up every cent of it, but that will not give me your trust nor my clean reputation again. I'll have it all before you fellows have to go to Bresslau, though, if I have to work myself to death to get it."

"Let us see the whole state of affairs," said the captain of the team, and Clyde produced a closely-written paper. The captain's face looked more sober as he looked the paper over, but he quietly

placed it in his pocket without giving the others a chance to see it. Clyde had rushed out in the meantime.

After discussing the matter for some time the boys decided that Clyde should retain his place among them and that he should carry out his purpose of repaying the money. Some were for letting the matter drop, but the older boys knew that it would be better all around to let him work to repay it. Then they all set out for Clyde's boarding place and tramped noisily into his study, where he sat before the now smouldering fire. The room was in darkness except for the flickering light of the coals, but as the boys entered they turned on the lights.

"It's all right, old boy," the captain said, witharty ring in his voice. Clyde jumped up to

shake hands all around with such evident relief and humility that the boys admired him the more.

Through all the cold mornings of January Clyde trudged down town and worked in a store from six o'clock untill nearly nine and in the evenings again he took his place behind the counter. By working thus Clyde had to study far into the night, but he was able to pay off every cent of his debt before Field Day arrived. He was not able to enter in any of the events at Bresslau, for his work had kept him from training, but as he watched the boys of his college carry off honors his heart swelled with pride that he was one of them. His restitution was complete and he cheered with a lustiness unequalled anywhere on the stand, for his cheering had in it a martial strain—it announced his victory as well as his school's.

V. N. '11.



Harry Clark's Return

Harry Clark, a boy of about fifteen years of age, lived with his parents on a small farm a little way from New York. They were a very happy family and made their living from their little farm, which however, was mortgaged. Harry was growing tired of the farm and longed to live in the city of New York. He had expressed this desire to his parents, but they naturally wished to keep him with them. For some time Harry had been working and saving his money, so that he might leave home anyway, and at this time he had twelve dollars.

As was their custom, the family gathered around the fireside one night to tell stories, eat apples, nuts, etc., while Harry, very much out of the ordinary, did not stop to join the circle, but went straight to his room. He sat down on the bed to think matters over. Should he go or not? The question was hard to settle, but at last he decided to go. He would hurriedly write a note to his parents, wrap up a few clothes and leave. It was now about nine o'clock, and the moon would soon be up, then all would be in vain. The note he left read thus:

My dear Parents: When you read this I will be on my way to the city. I have gone to make my own way thro' life in the city, for I have grown so tired of the country. I will some day return.

Your son, Harry.

After stealing out of the house by the back door, Harry made his way to a nearby station and caught the first train. Soon he was riding swiftly away from the dear old farm. The next morning all was revealed at home. Mr. Clark found the note, and his first words, after reading it were, "Boys will be boys, but Harry can't stay away long on twelve dollars."

Upon Harry's arrival in New York his first thought was to find a cheap boarding place. At last it was procured, but, Oh! what a search for employment. At last, when his money was about gone a man directed him to a large shoe store where he might find work. It was a good position and Harry was readily accepted to fill the place.

For the first five years Harry was very successful. Each year he was promoted to a higher position, and saved quite a bit of money. At last he was made a junior member of the firm.

But money did not buy happiness for Harry, for it seemed as though in everything he started to do he could see the dear old home, and thoughts of his old mother and father troubled him. Did they know where he was? Did they care? The question came continuously to him. At the end of another year he was quite a wealthy man. Now the thoughts of home conquered. He would go and spend New Year's Day at home, and start the New Year without that disquieting feeling he had had so long.

So he left New York just in time to reach home New Year's Eve. At the old home on New Year's Eve the family were spending the evening in the

same old way, telling stories, but there was one empty chair; if Harry were only there, then all would seem complete. As Mr. and Mrs. Clark sat talking there was a knock on the door, and when Mr. Clark opened it Harry entered. After an inexpressibly happy greeting, he sat down and told them all his adventures.

Before returning to his work some few days later, Harry paid off the mortgage on the old farm. Each month after that he sent a sum of money to the old home, and his mother and father lived happily and in plenty.

Certainly no happier year ever dawned for Harry Clarke or his folks. Florence Upson, '12.



AN EPISODE

It was a red hot day in August. With my ever-present supply of books under one arm, my lunch basket dangling recklessly from the crook of my parasol-handle and frantically clutching several packages with such fingers as were otherwise not in use, I made my way through the city park. I wasn't walking for my health, either, as anyone might easily have surmised, had they met me just then. Moreover, I was thirsty and knew not where to get a drink.

Presently I hove in sight of the fountain in the center of the park and immediately a struggle waged in my mind as to whether or not I'd drink from the tin cup I knew would be hanging there. Visions of microbes and thoughts of probable diseases lurking in that cup filled my mind with un-

easiness, but my thirst urged me to drink. I would dismiss such disturbing visions and be strong-minded! When I finally reached the venerable and unoffending fount, my heroic conclusion well in mind, I began to ascend the low steps, only to retreat before reaching the third one. I turned away with a little shudder. After travelling a few feet, however, my firmness returned. I made a dash for the fountain, dropped my bundles, grabbed the cup, and pressed the faucet—only to find that no water was therein contained. I was stung—all my good courage was wasted. Vowing awful snubbing to that waterless watering-place, I gathered up my bundles and proceeded on my warm way.

V. N. '11.



The Musical Qualities of Gray's Elegy

A lyric is especially adapted to musical thought, because it is a depiction of an inward feeling, and music works only on the emotions. So we shall now try to see some of the resemblance that Gray's Elegy has to music.

First of all, the stanza form is very closely related to music. It corresponds very closely to the rythmical or thought period, which is a complete musical thought. The latter in its simple form always consists of eight measures, but in this case would be limited to four. The period is divided into sections, as they are called. The first is the antecedent, while the latter is termed the relative section. The first two lines are in a position exactly the same as the antecedent section. They introduce the subject matter to which the latter seem to respond in the rhyme principally, but generally in the metre also. This is especially noticeable in the sound if not in the meaning.

The words in this elegy are so selected as to contain many liquids and vowels. This occasions a slow, sweet and smooth movement so characteristic of Mendelssohn in his compositions after the death of his sister:

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires."

When an understanding reader delivers this selection, the diminuendos and crescendos are as pronounced as in music. The beginning stanzas of the elegy have a soft and slow melody, gradually increasing in energy until the first stanza is reached in which is a description of what the dead shall never again enjoy. There you can almost yourself feel the fresh morning air, you can hear the swallow's song, the cock's crowing. Then comes the echo again. The expression throughout is similar to this.

The resemblance of the elegy to music is not only in sound, but very distinctly in its metrical form also. Music is divided into measures and sub-measures, while poetry is divided into lines. In the elegy the lines contain five feet correspond-

ing to 5-4 time in music. This is a very rare form in music. These pulsations, as it were, or vowel-accents, must have the monotony removed, so it is customary to lay more stress on the first and third beats. The first and fourth are also accented sometimes.

Music is suggestive of an emotion or thought. It does not give vent to feelings in so many words, but causes certain sounds that awake the emotions and result in thought. Gray's Elegy teaches the equality of man, not by actual utterances, or mere material, but by working on the inward feeling.

Music is made up of the contribution of tones or sounds formed by natural or artificial means with a purpose to imitate nature. The elegy is marked for its picturesque words, Gray using many words that sound like nature's own voice.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn—"

Much is to be said concerning Gray and Mendelssohn in regard to their similarity, but here that discourse will be limited.

The sadness and sweetness of Gray's poetry finds its double when compared with the sad, sweet strains of Mendelssohn's works—especially in his "Songs Without Words." Another trait exactly similar between the two men is that neither was a creator in his art. Philip Hale has said of Mendelssohn, "He was not an innovator, on the contrary, he worshiped established form; but this form was indelibly stamped with his own individuality." As with Mendelssohn, so with Gray. One who profoundly studies either acquires "transparency, de-liberation and crystalline finish."

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

One does not in this elegy sing to musical accompaniment, but to the rythm and tonality of the words, and to the harmony of rime and stanza.

—EDITH PASSALACQUA, '09.





Lament of Robert Bruce

(The following was taken from the Sophomore English class work.—Ed.)

The army of Robert Bruce was scattered in dismay,
When lost was the sixth battle, no heart nor hope
had they,
And when he saw his men defeated, and all hope of
victory flown,
He turned from the retreating host and went his
way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind and lame, and could
no farther go;
Dismounted, without hope or aim, he wandered to
and fro;

With haggard face and blood-shot eye—his cloak
all flying loose,

It was a sight of pity to look on, Robert Bruce.

All stained and covered with dust and blood, like
some old burnt-out brand,

Snatched from the sheath, Bruce showed that still
his sword was in his hand;

But it was nicked into a saw of dark and bloody
tint.

His good steel mail had many a flaw, his helmet
many a dint.

He looked for the brave captains that led the Scot-
tish train,

But all were fled except the dead, he could not
count the slain.

Where e'er his eye did wander all bloody was the
plain;

And while thus he looked, the tears he shed ran
down his face like rain.


“Oh, unhappy, luckless was the hour, and cursed
be the day,

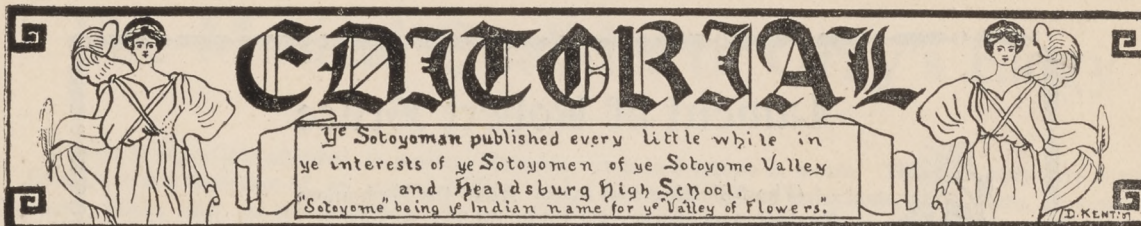
“When I was born to have the power o'er all this
great array;

“Unhappy man, that I shall see the sun go down
this night;

“Oh, death! why art thou now so slow, why fearest
thou to smite!”

—CHARLES PHILIPS, '11.





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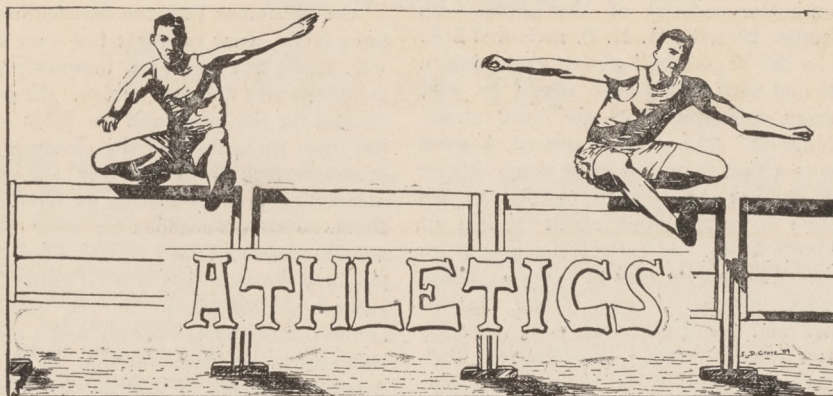
Everybody is wishing everybody a happy New Year—a spirit of joyousness is in the air. The Sotoyoman shares the general feeling and wishes you every success and much happiness. There is an element about New Year's day that no other holiday possesses. It may be a "thinkin' spell," when we review as many of our faults as we can think of in a day and come to Uncle Ike's conclusion that "we'se a miserable passel o' sinna's;" or it may be a review of our past resolutions, when we wonder if there's any good in making them—they are so easily forgotten; perhaps it is merely the bad effects of holiday dissipation and too much candy. Whatever the feeling is that characterizes the first day of a new year, there is always blended with it a quiet resolve to be and do better during the coming year. We may not know exactly how we're

going to do it. Even in this enlightened age men have not discovered an easy way to be good; being good is one art that cannot be reduced to a science. So we each have to plod along and work out our own behavior. Some folks are too modest to acknowledge when they have advanced along some line of action, but don't be one of that kind. If you succeed in a purpose, no matter how small, take it as a success—realize what you can do, then do more and better.

Right while I'm on the subject of being good, let me sound a word of warning to ye students. Don't continually submit unsigned articles to your paper! The copy is essentially from the students, but if it is printed unsigned how are you or how is any one else to know where it comes from? Lead not the editor into temptation! Think what a chance that poor mortal will have to run in something that is not student work unless it is a set rule that all contributions be signed! Then, too, stories, articles, essays and poems (of which, alas, we have so few) are far more interesting if the reader knows who the writer is. No student need be ashamed of any contribution to our paper, for we are not expected to be sages or statesmen, philosophers or stars; and by contributing the poorest article you are doing one better than your neighbor, who contributes nothing.

Mention was not made in our last issue of the new cut accompanying athletics. This is an excellent specimen of Daniel Grove's pen and ink work, and we are proud to print it as from our school. Any other designs from the students will be welcome, as most of our cuts are old.

The summary of the S. M. A. A. L. events was omitted from the December issue, so it is has been inserted this month.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

BASKET BALL

The first game of the season was played Friday evening, Nov. 20th, at Fox's Hall, with Santa Rosa Hi. The game resulted in a victory for the visitors, but was a hard fought and interesting game from beginning to end. The local team was greatly handicapped by the loss of Louis Stein, their star goaler, but nevertheless, they did anything but give up. At one time the visitors were only two points ahead, which certainly aroused the enthusiasm of all the spectators. But near the end G. Lee, the Santa Rosa star, made some extraordinary throws, which enlarged the score, the H. H. S. being unable to score. The line-up was as follows: Santa Rosa—Goalers, Miller; center, G. Lee; Guard, McDaniels. H. H. S.—Goalers, W. Lampson (Judy and McDonough); center, E. Beeson; Guards, Lampson, Young.

P. H. S. vs. H. H. S.

On the evening of Nov. 28th, the boys' basket ball team of the H. H. S. played the boys of the Petaluma High in the latter's home town. The game was a closely contested one all the way thru, but in the end the H. H. S. boys proved themselves the victors, by winning with a score of 14-20. In the first half, Petaluma was ahead three points, the score being 10-13, but in the second half H. H. S. secured 10 points and P. H. S. one, thus putting us ahead. Mr. Coolidge refereed the game. After the game the Petaluma boys took their visitors out to an oyster supper, and a general good time. The H. H. S. boys returned next morning feeling that the Petaluma boys had proved themselves able entertainers.

Another game with Fremont High of Fruitvale was scheduled to take place here on the evening of

December 12th, but they failed to appear at the appointed date, consequently no game was played.

The boys were to go to Santa Rosa and play a return game on December 19th, but Santa Rosa went back on her date, so again we were disappointed, and played no game.

SUMMARY S. M. A. A. L. EVENTS

50-yard dash—Fairbanks W, Stein H, Stock W. Time, 5 3-5

100-yd dash—Fairbanks W and Stein H tie, first; Babcock U third—10.3.

220-yd dash—Stein H, Babcock U, Amesbury H—22.4

440—Amesbury H, Gracey U, Sacry W—52.4

880—Stock U, McKinley U, Hughes U—2:15.

Mile run—Stout U, Squires W, McKinley U—5:02-5.

120 high hurdles—Beeson H, Prather U, Murphy U—17:1.

220 low hurdles—Beeson H, Stock U, Prather U—2:53. Ties record.

High jump—Beeson H, Rowe W, Brannum and Van Dyke tie for third—5 ft, 9 in.

Pole Vault—Beeson H, Walls P, Aldrich—10 ft.

Shot put—Coolidge H, Walls P, McKay—44 feet 5½ in.

Hammer throw—Coolidge H, McKay U, Thomas U—150 ft 5 in.

Discus—McKay U, Swisher H, Coolidge H—101 ft 5 in. Breaks record.

Relay won by H. H. S.—3:23 2-5.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

In the last issue of the Sotoyoman a meager account of the Santa Rosa-Healdsburg double game was given, as the game was played while the paper was in the hands of the printers, but in this issue

we will give a better account of the game. On Friday, November 20th, the H. H. S. girls and S. R. S. girls met on the basketball court expecting a hard struggle and both teams were eager to win, but as the score indicated 38-9—the hard struggle did not come off. The visitors played a good game, and have a fast team but were much lighter than our girls and not able to score against us. We expect to have a return game about the last of January in Santa Rosa, and expect a closer score on their court. The line-up was as follows: Santa Rosa—Forwards, Minnie Cooper, Irene Norris; guards, Nellie and Margaret Lonigan; centers, Ruth Sommers, Lucile Cable. Healdsburg—Forwards, Kathleene Swisher, Elva Beeson; guards, Audry Walters, Bera Mothorn; centers, Una Williams, Nian Luce, Gertrude Field.

On December 12th the two teams of the Healdsburg High were to meet the two teams of Fruitvale High, but for some unknown reason the expected guests did not arrive. Everything was arranged for the game and we fully expected them, but upon the arrival of the evening train we found ourselves looking in vain for the party, which did not arrive. At this writing we have not heard from them, so cannot account for their non-appearance. As the game had been widely advertised and many people were expected, a local game was quickly arranged as a substitute for the expected one, so as not to disappoint the crowd, and a pleasant evening was spent, the game ending in a tie score, 15-15. A dance, enjoyed by a large crowd, followed.



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The Cry of the High

Great crowds are sometimes recognized by sounds peculiar to themselves. In certain social gatherings the prevailing noise is a rustle of silk; in other more adventurous multitudes the bass growl of American strenuosity and energy prevails. It is said that at Coney Island the steady noise of the crowd is so individualistic that it becomes a part of that great pleasure island, and now the newspaper world has a new word—the Coney Island cry. No one doubts that the growl of the Parisian mob has always been the same from the earliest bread riot to the very latest, and that cry is peculiar to itself. Here we have a cry, not allied to the pleasure-monger's cry of Coney Island, nor to the bread hungry mob-cry, but related to youth. The word cry is not a good expression of my idea, but I use it to mean the peculiar and predominant spirit of any society of individuals.

This phenomena does not show itself at all times. It is to be recognized only when in assemblies. While the Parisian gets his inspiration for social union by the absence of bread, and while the jaded islander gets his by the search of new delights, this local cry seems to have no connection with any political, religious, or economic tension.

This spirit finds expression in various ways. In some social gatherings it even reaches a definite pitch. At first only the individual voices are heard but as the crowd grows, the basic connection of the voices begins to collect, and gaining strength, gradually fills the place. Still the individual is heard—perhaps the elegant gallantries of some fu-

ture Beau Brummel are heard in a corner of the room—perhaps the cry of "Don't believe her, oh, don't, oh, don't, it isn't true, ha ha ha," goes lightly across the room and picks me from my study of all consciousness of Euclid. The sympathetic union of the voices grows; the individual voice and action is lost in the general confusion of the gathering.

During the first period, the youth of pasted whiskers attracts my attention, but as the unionism of voices increases the light row seems to enter every point around me. Caesar is forgotten under the influence of this "spirit" of youth, for every vibration is that of pure laughter, and lightness of heart, and joy of being and consciousness of the strength of youth.

Again this phenomena is present in study hours. This, then, is a cry of silentness, and generally so silent as to be a continual dramatic scene. The silent bank of some uninhabitable course of the Russian river is grand. The stillness and the ever going river takes one's thought, and one revels in it. The silent majestic scenery from a Rocky Mountain peak is grander. But the intensive silent study period is the greatest of all, for that is the silence of humanity, which is not obligatory, while the other is but the silence of the rocks, which have no power of speech, and in the same way man exceeds nature, so this does.

Both these cries are really but one. They are "canned youth" or rather "essence of youth," for both indicate joy and sturdiness and more than this—consciousness of these.

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Healdsburg, Cal.

H. H. S. ALUMNI

Mrs. Pierce (nee Hazel Baker) '04, spent Thanksgiving with her mother in this city.

Lucile Bolles '03 spent the holidays with relatives in Berkeley.

Candace Wagers '05 spent Thanksgiving with friends in Oakland.

The following members of class '08 spent the Thanksgiving holidays with relatives here: Floyd Bailey, Royal Vitousek, Aubrey Butler, Rachel Fisher, Dallas Wagers, Hurwood Griffith, and Hetty Kent.

Prudence Lewis '03 and Vira Sandborn '06 who are teaching at Guerneville, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Fred Newsom '04, who is attending Berkeley University, was home over Thanksgiving.

Daisy Silberstein '04, who is a student at Mills College, was home for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Fred Bailhache '01, of Hopland, has been a visitor in Healdsburg for the past few weeks.

Mrs. C. Bridgford (nee Mae Petray) '95 was home for Thanksgiving.

Dorothy Kent '07 spent Thanksgiving at home.

Sally Grove '05 ate Thanksgiving dinner at home.

Lester McDonough '06 and Bert McDonough '07 were home for Thanksgiving.

Edna Metzger '99 spent Thanksgiving with friends in San Francisco.

Jessie Boss '08 spent several weeks in the city last month.



SCHOOL NOTES

Miss Kimball visited relatives in the city recently. She witnessed the Rugby game between Stanford and California.

Miss Saffold spent Thanksgiving at her home in Berkeley.

Mary Levendusky '12, was absent several days the past month on account of illness.

Kathleen and Riley Swisher, both of class '10, visited relatives in the city during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Gertrude Bush, formerly of class '09, but now residing in Berkeley, has been visiting friends in this city and was at school two days.

Mr. Montgomery, County Superintendent of Schools, spent one day visiting our school. He gave a short but very interesting address to the student body.

Johnnie Fisher '09 was absent several days from school on account of illness.

Evelyn Goddard '11 spent Thanksgiving with relatives in Oakland.

Ward Smith, formerly of class '08, recently completed a course at the U. C. farm and now holds a position in a creamery in Oakland.

Louis Stein '11 had the misfortune to injure his foot while playing basket ball a few days ago.

Frank McClish '09 has been seriously ill and is not able to attend school as yet.

Nilda Cuneo '11 spent several days in the city recently.

Charlie Gully '12 visited in the city a short time ago.

Blaine Goding, a former member of the class of '10, has moved to Healdsburg from San Rafael, and will probably make this city his home.

Crystal Gallaway visited her brother and sister-in-law in Sacramento during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Lela Yarbrough spent a week-end in Guerneville recently.

EXCHANGE NOTES

For the first time this term, we have received "The Dragon" and extend to it a glad welcome. But do you think it wise to have a continued story in a high school journal such as "The Mysterious Suitcase," appearing in yours? The editorials are very good, instructive and with school spirit shown.

"The Bulletin" from Montclair, N. J., abounds in literary matter and splendid editorials, making it a credit to the school. More joshes and jingles, however, would add greatly to the journal.

The cover design and other cuts of the High School Register, Omaha, are splendid, and the paper as a whole is one of our finest exchanges. The departments are all well written up and many joshes give "ginger" to the paper. We have only praise for you and hope to see the High School Register each publication.

We have two editions of The Flame, Fremont High, this month and both are exceptionally good. The literary work is good and the joshes certainly form an important part of the paper. Your paper is the most prompt of all our exchanges and one of the best. We wish to congratulate you on having a different cover design each month. It certainly adds to the appearance of your paper.

From Xenia High comes the Omnigraph, a paper that always comes promptly and is a welcome guest. A total lack of cuts, however, is noticeable, and a better grade of paper would make your journal more attractive.

The Cardinal, from Covina High School, a

small, but very welcome friend of ours, is again with us, the November number. The arrangement is good and the departments well cared for, but where are your cuts? We hope to see your paper next time with such unique and fitting ones, for really there is nothing that improves a paper like cuts.

From Sacramento comes The Review, and you can justly be proud of your paper. The cuts are excellent, being original and fitting. The literary work is good, especially the southern story entitled "Music Hath Charms". The entire paper is worthy of good mention.

The staff of the Cogswell is to be complimented as is also the school upon its being able to put forth and support such a good paper. The literary department is full of good snappy articles and all departments look as if the various editors had certainly done their duties. It is a great improvement on your former papers, and we wish you success with all issues.

There is nothing especially to criticize in the Wallace World, Nashville, Tenn, yet it is not exactly what one would expect from a university school. A better quality of paper would improve the appearance, also, more departments, which are common to school papers. Your exchange column, however, deserves special mention, as it shows careful discretion on the part of the exchange editor. We hope to again have the Wallace World with us. You are always welcome.

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DASHES

DON'T FEEL HURT IF YOU ARE HIT

Miss S. to second year English class—"In writing a character sketch of a person, always begin with the externals and work gradually to the—the—the internals".

Miss S. in English—"Walter, read your paper."

W. L. '12—"I can't".

Miss S.—"Why not?"

W. L.—"There's nothing on it".

Fred to Sam—"You make love to that Freshie girl like an amateur".

Sam—"That's where the art comes in".

The countryman—"Down here, sir, we go to bed with the chickens".

The Britisher—"Er—don't you find it beastly unhealthy?"

Freshie in commercial room, singing, "I'm afraid to go home in the dark".

Prof. H. trying to find out who is singing—"Whoever is singing had better quit school and go on the stage."

Miss Saffold has trained her English classes so well that a guileless Freshman began his prayers a few nights ago as follows: "One—introduction, two—statement of subject".

J. T. '11, in English—"Description of the moonshine". What were Joe's thoughts on?

Prof. H. to Albert—"Now Albert, don't be smiling at the girls all the time".

J. T. '11 solemnly—"He had a few troubles before he died, but after his death he had a good many more".

Prof. to student—"How would you punctuate this sentence?" "Miss Gray a beautiful girl of nineteen was passing down the street."

Student—"I'd certainly make a dash after Miss Gray".

Mr. Bull—"If you got lost there you couldn't lose your way."

Pupil—"The star-dogged moon' means that the stars were chasing the moon as the dogs chase their prey."

Mr. H. to Ed—"What is the answer to the first problem?"

M. M. '12, interrupting—"It is \$20".

Mr. H.—"Now, Mary, is your name Ed? You want to have your name changed too quickly."

Does L. B. '11 know that C. J. '10 helps his mother make bread? He should be careful not to fall in the flour barrel so often.

Some one has suggested that we take up a collection and get L. S. '11 a wooden leg. But this matter should be put to vote before the Student Body.

J. B., declining "puer" (boy) in Latin—"I can't remember the gender of it".

(Sounds from the commercial room) "meow, meow, meow-ow." Mr. H. entering room—"Una, is that you making those cats quarrel?"

V. N. '11 to L. Y. '11—"Have you written your abstract yet?" "Yes".

"When are you going to write your concrete?" "Oh, when I become a Senior."

Mr. H. to R. S. '11 who was annoying J. T. '11—"What do you want?"

R. S.—"I want a draft" (meaning a bank draft)

M. H.—"Well, raise the window."

Did G. W. receive a letter from the city? I wonder if it was from Lowell Hi?

An old darky undertook to do some work one day and his employer was surprised at the low wages he asked. "Why do you ask so little?" he inquired.

"Wal, sah" said the darky, "if I only ax a little, den I don't lose only a little when I fails to get paid."

Wise Wise Senior—"Do you know what the underground railway was?"

V. N. 11—"Of course. Its the system of note passing in H. H. S."

A prize is offered to anyone who shall come the nearest to guessing how many times Miss C. has scolded the freshies—one guess with every copy of "The Sotoyoman". Don't begin guessing any lower than the hundreds.

Mrs. Williams—"Una, don't drink that milk, it is sour".

Una—"Mother, have the cows been eating pickles?"

They say W. G. is nothing but a joke.

Frivolous Freshman—"Does your heart say—"

V. N. 11—"No! My heart hasn't learned to talk yet."

Miss S.—"Give the principal parts of spoil?"

D. J. '12—"Spoil, spoiled, rotten".

Freshman—"Why do you Seniors always look so wise?"

Flippant Senior—"Why, how could we look otherwise?"

Does C. Y. '10 like ginger snaps? Ask G. R.

What makes H. J. '11 look so lonesome? Has Tacoma retired?"

M. M. '12 asked to speak to Lavergne, and a senior remarked when she arrived at L's seat, "The two fats".

Edwin Kent has proven himself capable of managing a school and will probably prove a success as a teacher, but the Freshies think he should consult an ear specialist.

Mr. H.—"Girls, stop your talking"

H. L. '11—"This is English."

Mr. H.—"I don't care if it is Dutch".

Did W. L. forget to take his books home?

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